La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameſull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him tha ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpo
Glo Go too, he liues that loues you b
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantag
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfeſame name, but one o
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpit*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſw
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lade haue inf
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſt
Glo. I would they were, that I might
For now they kill me with a liuing dea
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of chil
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fe
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for the
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contem
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiu
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe point
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this tr
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth th
I laie it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:
And humbly beg the death vpon my k
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I that kild yo
But twas thy beauty that prouoked m
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I
La. I haue alreadie.

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